

FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

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What Strange Things Happen in That Mystic Realm.

Multitudes of Dreams for Hawthorne to Pass Upon.

There's Been Nothing Like This Tournament Since the World Began.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

A gold double eagle goes to the relator of the most remarkable dream. Julian Hawhorns, the popular novelist, is the judge. The dreams must be authentic, written on one side of the paper, as short as possible (many of those received are altogether too long) and, above all, interesting.

He Has Stopped Smoking.

While in my smoking-chair last night, I dreamed that I had reached the gates of heaven, but the angel at the gate would not let me in, because my name was not on the book. I begged him to send some servants book. I begged him to send some servants to look again, but they returned with the same answer. I then asked the angel to go, and he returned saying that my name was there, but it was so full of smoke that they could hardly distinguish it. I have not smoked since.

C. Bender,

58 Thirty-ninth street, South Brooklyn.

Saw the Letter Twice.

Several years ago my husband was expecting an important business letter from a friend and business associate in London. The letter was delayed for several weeks, and I, as well as my husband, was anxious and dis-turbed about it. One night I dreamed that the letter came, inclosed in a large blue en-velope. I saw in my dream the exact appearance of the letter, and understood the neral purport of its contents. Two weeks om the night of the dream it was repeated every detail exactly like the first. The next morning the letter came, its size, appearance and general purport exactly as I had twice dreamed it. I found that it was written the day previous to the first dream.

J. R. Gaiffin,

346 East Forty-second street.

On the night of Jan. 6 I dreamed that my brother and I were ascending a hill for the purpose of seeing a horse race. Everything was beautiful until we reached the top of the hill, when all seemed to change to semi-darkhill, when all seemed to change to semi-darkness. The starting bell rang out and off went the horses at top speed, and my horse, which was a beautiful white, was away ahead of all the others until within a few feet of the winning post, when it dropped dead and the jockey broke his arm. I turned round for my brother, but he was gone, and I failed to find him after what had been to me many hours' search. On the 22d of January I got a letter from Scotland telling me of the death of the brother whom I lost at the race course, and also that in the early part of the month and also that in the early part of the month my dear old mother had broken her leg. G. R. M.

A Prophetic Vision.

A few nights ago I dreamed I became sud-As thought feel it possible to recover it by searching. I then began to look all about my room. I finally stooped and looked under the table, and there was my look all about my room. I finally stooped and looked under the table, and there was my look to under the table, and there was my look all about my room. I finally stooped and looked under the table, and there was my look from the looked properties a large wooden bowl sealed over tightly, while beneath was the drowning boy. No hand the minimum shall about the size of a toy balloon. It continually quivered, as trooped in the size of a toy balloon. It continually quivered, as the properties of the continually quivered, when it bounded out and up to the contain of the properties of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the contained out the contained out the contained out the more of a state of the contained out the contai nscious I had lost my soul.

Went Miles in Seconds.

One night about four years ago I returned

ILLUSTRATED

BY

EVENING WORLD

ARTISTS.

Broadway to Grand street, and thence to the ferry over to Broadway, Brooklyn, and in a roundabout way to my home. I found my house all right, and went in and to bed, from which I thought a fireman rushed in my room and caught hold of my foot to pull me out. I awoke. The pulling at my foot was my brother pulling off my shoe, and the bell had just struck the fifth stroke of 9 o'clock, thus having dreamed in those few seconds what would have taken hours to do.

EDGAR C. KRYLE.

Witnessed a Novel Experiment.

I dreamed that I was accompanying friend on an excursion to the planet Venus in his aerial motor, the Space Annihilator. The object of our journey was to witness a trial of speed between a current of electricity trial of speed between a current of electricity and a ray of light. As we approached Venus I noticed innumerable airships steering towards the planet from all directions. On arriving at our destination we found everything ready for the start. The course was not straight away, but with a turn, the start being from Venus to Juniter and return. A wire was stretched for the electricity and a reflector erected on Jupiter sent back the ray of light. The electricity was produced by an enormous compound dynamic and galvanic generator, and a huge electric light furnished the ray. At a given signal the electric light flashed forth and the wire circuit was closed. Some of those present electric light flashed forth and the wire cir-cuit was closed. Some of those present watched the receiver at the other end of the wire, while others looked towards the re-flector. The strain of anticipation was in-tense, and, just as I expected to see the flash from the reflector or hear the rap from the receiver—I awoke.

A Very Unpleasant Dream.

I send you a dream which I have had several times. I dream that I open my eyes at night and see the face of an old woman close to mine. She puts one of her hands on my chost and presses it down till my breath is nearly gone, leering fiendishly in my face all the time. She then releases me for a little while, only that I may regain my breath for while, only that I may regain my breath for her to repeat the operation again and again until terror awakes. Strange to say, the face of the old woman is the face of my mother. There is no old lady in the world so dear, so lovely and so good as my mother. She is always connected in my mind with peaceful, pleasant thoughts. So why do I dream of her thus?

Mrs. S. D.

A French Soldier's Dream.

During the short war France had with Tunis we had been landed in Sfax, on the Mediterranean coast, and were kept busy skirmishing with the natives. We had been fighting hard all day and at night I soon fell asleep on the floor of the large room where

we had our quarters.

I must have been sleeping for some time when I saw the Arabs coming into the room.
They looked like phantoms, shrouded in the

They looked like phantoms, shrouded in the long folds of their white burnouses. Presently one of them crept towards me. I wanted to run but could not.

His knee pressed my chest, his dark face bent over mine, a diabolical smile disclosing his teeth as white and sharp as a jackal's. Quick as lightning the man was slashing my face all over, the blood filling my eyes and dripping around my ears, making a warm pool under my head. Now his fingers were tightened on my throat like a band of steel, when I made a supreme effort to free myself and I awoke. Big drops of perspiration were rolling over my face, of berspiration were rolling over my face, and the fellow sleeping next to me was resting his left foot in a heavy ordnance boot on my chest and was pressing my Adam's apple with his left leg. I got up, straightened that pair of legs and went back to sleep, this time without dreams.

A Very Strange Dream.

Early in the Spring of 1888 I dreamed of standing on the shore of a vast sea. Huge waves rose and fell in the fury of the tempest. Black clouds were driven at a marvellous speed overhead, while all nature seemed exerting berself to make the scene one of terror. Far off on the waves and very distinctly I could see my son, who was attending school at Mount Hermon, sitting in a boat to which was attached a massive white horse. He held firmly to the reins, urging the least to its utmost speed. I could see its huge muscles swell and contract in its efforts to swim through the mighty billows. I called loudly: "John! John! stop, or you will be drowned!" He only turned his head and laughed in derision at my fears, still urging on the horse with whip and shouts of laughter. I shouted once more in despair, when the

horse with one mad plunge disappeared be-

dreamed that we were at war with some nation. We were all standing on the port deck of the Atlanta, when suddenly a little torpedo home from work very tired, and, sitting on the edge of my bed, called my brother to pull off my shoes just as the City Hall bell began to strike 9 o'clock.

He took hold of my foot, and I fell asleep.

The degree of the Atlanta, washa, and addeny a little to produce to the Atlanta, washa, and and the product of the Atlanta, washa, and addeny a little to produce to the Atlanta, washa, and and and proceeded to fasten a toppedo. All our bravery and daring seemed to ooze out of our finger ends, and we all rushed over to starboard. I sprang upon the hammock netting and embraced the foregaliant backstays, waiting for the shock. Instead of geing up as a causeted in the Atlanta, washadana, washadana, washadana, washadana, and an additional and the original and proceeded to fasten a toppedo. All our bravery and daring we all rushed over to starboard. I sprang upon the hammock netting and embraced the foregaliant and the original and the He took hold of my foot, and I fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was in bed, and was awakened by the fire bells. I got up and dressed, and, rushing into the street, found the whole city was on fire. Down Fulton street I ran, passing people and buildings I knew well, and, reaching the forry, crossed to New York, going up Fulton street to Broadway, up

OUTRAGE.

(Continued from First Page.)

child was a vagrant and had no home or proper guardians and, it is stated by the friends of the family, represented to the magistrate that he had fully investigated the case and that the parents were utterly improper persons to have the care of the child. The child was committed to the American Female Guardian Society, at No. 29 West Twenty-ninth street.

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AGENT YOUNG'S INVESTIGATION.

So far as the investigation by Young was concerned, it appears that all he did was to make inquiries in the neighborhood, where the father was very little known, and to see Mrs. Harrison, who told him that the child had gone to the police herself and she didn't care what they did with Time so long as she was taken off her hands.

Upon this state of facts he made his report, and up to the present time the grief-stricken father and mother, who afterwards came over from the old country, and who has been in this free country. I came here to give my children an education which they cannot get in Russia. When I come here they are taken away from me without any reason.

'I first made up my mind to come to America ten years ago when I was in Paris, where I went to get a legacy that a relative halleft me.

'I heard so much about America that I decided to come here, not to make money, but to educate my children.

"I have been married sixteen years and

from the old country, and who has been driven out of her mind by her troubles, have been unable to learn anything of their child, not even where it had been sent.

THE FATHER'S SAD STORY.

THE FATHER'S SAD STORY.

The story of his loss, as told to a reporter of The Evening World by the father in his broken English, is a most pitiful one, and the brutal treatment which he received from the officers of the Society, to whom he and his wife and friends applied time and again for some news of the little one, is enough to make the blood of any fair-minded, justice-loving edizen boil with indignation.

DRIVEN OUT OF THE SOCIETY'S ROOMS. According to the father's story, he immediately went to the office of the Society, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, and asked for his child. This was the day after Christmas, a fortnight after the child was

taken up.

He saw a man, who from his description must have been E. F. Jinkens, the Superintendent, who told him that there was no such child there and ordered him out of the place.

After waiting a couple of weeks, during which he neglected his business in searching among his fellow-countrymen for some one to assist him in his trouble, he went a second time with the same result. aken up.

assist him in his trouble, he went a second time with the same result.

Then Mrs. Esther Solomon, of the Lady Foresters' Society, became interested in his behalf, and in May they went together to the Society's office and saw Jinkens, who admitted that there was a child named Tina Weiss in the charge of the Society, but he would not tell them where she was. The father and Mrs. Solomon describe the interview thus:

PROVED HE WAS THE PATHER.

"How do I know that you are the father?" asked Jinkens of Weiss.

asked Jinkens of Weiss.

"I have my marriage certificate," he answered." "and my wife and the other child are in the old country. Many friends here know I am the father.

"Well, get your wife over here, then, to take care of the girl, and we'll see what we can do for you. You are a bad fellow and beat your child and you can't have her, Come, get out of here and don't bother us any more," and Mr. Jinkens, with the assistance of one of his subordinates, put the poor fellow out of the office in soite of his tears fellow out of the office in spite of his team

HE DID BRING HIS WIFE OVER He had by this time money enough to bring his wife over, so he sent her \$75 to pay for the passage of herself and little daughter, who is now six years old, with \$25 for addi-

who is now six years out, while years the news tional expenses.

The mother had heard nothing of the loss of Tina, for her husband had kept the news carefully from her in all his letters, though she had written several letters to Tina hershe had hershe had written several letters to Tina hershe had hershe self and had asked why they were not answered, for she supposed that Tina was going to school here and learning to read and write, a thing which very few of the poor children in Russia could do. So she was very proud of her little daughter.

HER PIRST OURSTION WAS FOR TINA.

When she arrived at New York last July her her first question when she met her husband at Castle Garden was for Tins.

He kept the news from her until he brought her to the rooms which he had engaged for them at 192 Broome street. Then he told her all.

DIDN'T GET THE CRILD THEN. Soon after his wife's arrival Weiss went with her to the Society's office and saw Jinkens again. The latter told him that he did not know him or his wife, and made him

come again and bring his marriage certificate
with him, which he had to have translated
from Hebrew, in which it was originally
written, into English,
Jinkens also made him furnish a recom-

About two months ago, after waiting to hear from the Society, Weiss again took his wife to the Society's office and asked to see President Gerry, as Jinkens was not there on that occasion. They told him to come around at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and he was there with his wife at the appointed time.

THEY SHOULD NEVER SEE IT AGAIN. Mr. Gerry, an attendant said, was in his private office and that he refused to see them, but after awhile the attendant went in again

and then said that there was no use in their trying to get the child, because they could never see it again, and he ordered them to be put out of the office. IT NEARLY CRAZED THE MOTHER. This reply nearly crazed the mother, who

had been hoping all the time that she would eventually get Tina back, and had been work-ing hard to help her husband to get the money which they thought would be neces-sary to get Tina out of the hands of the So-

LET ME SEE MY CHILD. "Let me see my child, only let me see her!" she cried in German, as she was being pushed out of the door, but the officer told her to stop her noise and closed the door on

Theard so much about America that i decided to come here, not to make money, but to educate my children.

"I have been married sixteen years and have always lived happily with my wife and children. I have a father sixty years old in Dienenburg.

TOLD HIM HE WAS DRUNK.

"They told me at the Society that I was drunk: that I beat my child, and that she was afraid of me. It is a lie. I never was drunk in my life, and my child loved me. "She was always glad to see me when I came home and wanted to be with me always. I knew she did not like Mrs. Harrison, but I thought she would take care of her until I could bring my wife to this coun-

MUS. HARRISON HAS LEFT NEW YORK. Mrs. Harrison left New York about a year ago, and is now said to be living in Trenton,

The rooms in which Mr. and Mrs. Weiss are now living are three comfortably fur-nished spartments on the top floor of No. 192

Broome street.

He engaged them from Mrs. Dantziger, the laudiady, on July 1 last, and has been vaying his rent regularly ever since.

He spent \$75 in furnishing the rooms, and everything looks clean and tidy about the place. The younger child is now going to the state of the s

the public school in Broome street, and is bright and intelligent. THE WEISS FAMILY BESPECTABLE. Mrs. Dantziger told the reporter of The Eventso World that the Weisess were re-spectable, hard-working people, and that the husband was sober and industrious. He worked regularly at his business and was

kind and affectionate towards his wife and child.
"I have heard all about the Society's getting the other child, and I think it is a shame-ful outrage. It has nearly killed Mrs. Weiss, and I know she will never be happy until she has her child back again. I hope she will not it."

COMMITTED DEC. 22, 1887. An investigation of the records at Essen Market Police Court showed that Tina had been committed to the American Female Guardian Society on Dec. 22, 1887, a fact which the officers of the Society have per-sistently refused to give out.

" ADOPTED OUT."

This institution occupies the large double building at 29 East. Twenty-ninth street, extending through to Thirtieth street, and has several hundred inmates. Mrs. Harris, the Secretary, seemed surprised that any one should inquire for the Weiss child.

"She is not here any longer," she said last night to a reporter of This Evening World.

"She has passed out of our hands altogether. A very respectable family living out of town adopted her several months ago, and I have reason to believe that she is very comfortably situated." "Did you know that the parents of the child are in this city and have been trying to get possession of her?"

DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE PARENTS. 'I only know what Mr. Gerry's Society told us when she was committed to our care, and that was that the parents were disreputa-

ble people and unfit to take care of the child that they beat and abused her, and that it was best that they should not know where she was."
"Who are the people who adopted her?"
They too

"Who are the people who adopted her?"
"Oh, that I cannot tell you. They took out the papers in the regular way, and we had to give a bend that no claim would be made for the child by parents or guardians. She was adopted as a child into the family," "Is it not the duty of the institution to notify parents when a child is to be bound out or adopted?" ACTED ON MR. GERBY'S SOCIETY'S ADVICE.

written, into English.

Jinkens also made him furnish a recommendation as to his character, which he ob-

All the Hebrew societies and the entire Hebrew population of the east side in the neighborhood of the home of the parents are deeply interested in the case of Tina, and propose to do their utmost to rectify the wrong which they say has been done.

They say they are determined to fight the matter in the court if necessary, and the friends of the family have applied to The Evening World to assist them in their efforts.

forts.

They say the Hebrews are not as a rule inclined to turn their children loose in the streets and drive them from home.

BEADY TO GIVE BONDS FOR THE CHILD'S SUP-Mrs. Caroline Kopelowich, who deals in diamonds and jewelry at 401 Broadway and is a member of the Lady Foresters' Society, has interested herself greatly in the case and will use every effort to have it returned to its

pa:ents.
"I think it is a disgrace to New York that

such a thing is possible here," she said yesterday to a reporter of The Evening World, and there ought to be some law to reach those people."

I am ready to give bonds for any amount

I am ready to give bonds for any amount for the support of the child, and would adopt her myself if it was necessary to get her away from this Society.

I know the parents, and I know that they can take care of the child and give it a good bringing up and a good education. Why should they not be permitted to do so? There ought to be some law somewhere, and I am going to find out where it is, no matter what it costs."

But the payents and friends of little Tina. (But the parents and friends of little Tina have no shadow of right at law, nor will they unless THE EVENING WORLD amenument is

adopted.] SUPT. JINKENS DECLINED TO EXPLAIN. Supt. Jinkens was in when an Evening World reporter called at the Society's rooms, corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, last evening. He consented to see

the reporter.
"Mr. Jinkens, will you kindly tell me when and why your agents took little Tina Weiss? and why it is that you refuse to give back the girl when her parents and friends are able and willing to take care of her?"

asked the reporter.

"No. I must decline to give any information to The Evenino World," he answered, The reporter then went to the outside of-

fice to await the arrival of Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, President of the Society, When Mr. Gerry arrived he was ushered in by a private entrance, before the reporter had a chance to see and explain the case to him. Mr. Jinkens saw him first. Briefly the reporter told Mr. Gerry his

ousiness.
I must decline to give any information to The Evening World, "he said.

Again and again the reporter tried to point out the gravity of this case to the President.

He related the facts as given above. It was

Taking a long column of clippings from THE EVENING WORLD, giving the opinions of the Supreme Court Judges, in reference to THE EVENING WORLD'S children's bill, Mr. Gerry waved it at the reporter and said:

"The paper that takes the stand it does in
this matter, and publishes such filth, I will
hold no communication with."

hold no communication with."

"The matter written there, Mr. Gerry," said the reporter, "represents the opinions of the Supreme Court Judges, but that is not the matter I was sent here to inquire about. The Weiss case is one of peculiar hardship, and The Evening World merely wants to know why the child is kept from her parents, who are abundantly able to take

care of her."

'Once and for all, you can get no information here," answered Mr. Gerry.

The reporter went out, while the ghost of a smile chased itself across the features of Jinkens,

A FEW FLASHES OF WIT.

As the Congregation Filed Out.



Rev. Mr. Mogree (who has found an unfamilian oker-chip in the morning's collection)-I's much oblegged. Mistab Pinhallow, but dat sin't one obd'reg'lar club checkers, en jes' fo' kinvenience in cashin'up, I'd like fer ter know whar yo's been playin' dis week?

An Open Question. [From the Lincoln Journal.]
If all people were to "vote as they pray," it ouldn't take long to count the ballots.

A Matter of Space [From Drake's Magazine.] When the New York daily papers are crowded

Sauce for the Goose, &c.

A man who formerly acted as fireman to a

locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences. Not a Legislative Case.

[From the Washington Hatchet.]

A lady in Connectiont is reported as having

ing her with the grave offense of stealing flowers from a cemetery. This is not a case for legisla-tive action, but may create some excitement in a House of Burgesses.

horsewhipped a man named Burgess for charg-

to take an early morning tramp. No, and we don't want to know. If an early morning or a late night tramp is to be taken we prefer to let a policeman attend to the job.

DIABRECEA and dyscutery are averted during teething by MONELL's TRETHING CORDIAL. 25 cents.

VERNE.

The Many Ways in Which Prince Rudolph Is Said to Have Expired.

Apoplexy, Heart Failure, Suicide and

Murder Among Them.

There Is Also a Suppressed Report that May Be More Startling.

Vienna, Feb. 7.—The following is another account of the circumstances attending the death of Crown Prince Endolph: Rudolph had courted Baroness Marie Vetsera for four months. The histon, it is stated, was encouraged by Countess Wallersee-Larisch, a nince of the Empress. Marie, who was of romantic disposition and nervous temperament, was devoted to Budolph. On Jan. 28 the pair started in a two-horse closed carriage for Meyerling, where they passed the next day together. On the morning of Jan. 30 the two were found dead in bed. Marie had been shot through the forehead. Budolph had also been shot as aiready described. It was evident that the two had resolved to de together. The coverlet was secretly taken to a cottage and thence removed for interment. The Vetsera family left Vienna on Saturday for Venice.

Apparently there is no end to the ways that Prince Rudolph met his death. Despatches from Europe, with new and startling details, are of such frequent occurrence that a summary of them makes unusually interesting reading.

THE FIRST NEWS APOPLEXY. The first despatch announced that the Crown Prince had died of apoplexy of the orain, at Myerling. Then the cable supplenented this news by a correction. It was heart stoppage.

SUICIDE NEXT. But, although everybody who joins the najority is troubled with heart-stoppage, the Austrian physicians refused to bolster up this report with their statements, and, following fast on this report, it was flatly said, by the Emperor's own command, that the

Archduke had suicided. MURDER IN THIS ONE.

The next despatch had the shooting in it, but it was some other man, not Rudoif, that discharged the fatal bullet that ended the Crown Prince's life. This murderous individual was said to be husband of a lady who was at the chateau at Meyerling, This was the first appearance of "the woman in the case.

The next news had the woman in it, but it

said that the death of Rudolf was suicidal. He had committed it, however, rather than meet in a duel the brother of a Princess whom he had betraved. MURDER ONCE MORE. Then the outraged husband came to the

fore in the following cablegram. But his advent was enriched with dramatic details. He had first contronted his wife with his knowledge of her infidelity, and fairly bullied the poor thing into suicide, which she committed by poison in the wild hope of mending her honor. Having settled thus summarily with the wife of his bosom, the nobleman rushed off to the shooting-box of Rudolf and shot him through the head as he was sitting in his

DUEL WITH DICK THIS TIME.

The next version barked back to the duel. The next version barked back to the duel, and this time it was an "American duel." This sort of duel is conducted by the opponents throwing dice, and the one who loses by casting the lower throw of the ivory cubes blows his braies out with a pistol. Rudolf was in bad luck and lost. The other man was the son of a high Austrian family. This account gave three months as the term allowed for the commission of the deed after the victim had been designated by the cast of the dice. This account would harmonize When the New York daily papers are crowded the dice. This account would harmonize for space they always print Suakim with an the statements about Rudoli's dejected remarks and preparations for death.

MUEDER AND SUICIDE TOGETHER A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him he should give up the weed for her.

Well-Supported Name.

[From the Wishington Barchet.]

Boulanger is the French for ''baker." The General of that name seems to be well supported by the French-bred people.

He Company the widow is bound to give up smoking up her wide with a beautiful shoult the Baroness Marie Vetsera, which came yesterday. It said that a beautiful shohemian was found in the bedroom with the Crown Prince. She was dead with a bullet in her brain, and Rudolf was dead with an ounce of lead in his brain, too. The Archduke had killed her and then killed himself.

He Came from Chicago.

[Prom the American Commercial Traveler.]

"Mr. Speaker, I've got the floor." "So I perceive, sir, and if your feet were a little larger you'd have the whole block."

A Tender Reminiscence.

[Prom the Merchant Traveler.]

ANOTHER VERSION.

Another version of the suicide narrative is that Prince Rudolph met the Baroness in a game-keeper's cottage, a forester surprised them, and Rudolph was shot in the shoulder while trying to escape, the store that the shoulder while trying to escape, the forester killed himself, and the Prince went home and committed suicide.

THE FIRST NEWS SENT TO BOME.

THE FIRST NEWS SENT TO BOME.

Lastly, the church end of the line is heard from in connection with Rudoif's death. A Roman despatch to the London Daily News says that the first telegram to the Vatican simply announced the death of the Crown Prince. Leo XIII. wrote, with his own withered, trembling hand that could hardly hold a pen, four lines of condolence, Dilecto Amanticsimoque Nostro Filio, Francisco Joseph, SECOND BOMAN ACCOUNT.

House of Burgesses.

Let a Peliceman De It.

[From Texas S(flings.]

A friend of ours who is an enthusiast about walking says we don't know what a pleasure it is to take an early morning tramp. No, and we don't want to know. If an early morning or a late night tramp is to be taken we prefer to let a complication with a revolver as a conclave of the Men in Red. Here was a complication worthy of their subtle brains. A man had committed suicide, and suicides are refused Christian burial by the Catholic Church.

But the man was Rudolf, son of a most devoted son of the Church and heir apparent to the Austrian crown! What kind of suicide eel perfectly well.

was it? Well, a most fantastic one. This young Mightiness had thrown dice with an inferior to see which of the two should blow out his brains! Absurd grotesqueness. And the Crown Prince had lost, and—had blown out his brains! Madness. But mad suicides are not held by the law denying Christian burial, as they don't know what they are doing.

The conclave breathes once more. The cardinals fold up their trains and depart. The mortal remains of Archduke Rudolf are interred in the Capuchin Church, with the hole in the back of his skull hidden by the satin folds of the casket.

So, on Tuesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, Prince Hohenlohe formaily consigned the remains of the heir to the Austrian crown to the Father Guardian of the Augustinian Church, in Vienna. In the storied vaults lie the mouldering skulls which were once bound by the Imperial circlet. Rudolph, in all the tragic horror of his unexplained death, has gone to join his ancestors. BURIED.

The Pester Lloyd, with a lofty virtue that would wring tears from a cocode, declares that it has the full and authentic account of the Meyerling and the state of t that it has the full and authentic account of the immediate cause of the Meyerling tragedy, but that it involves very delicate and purely private matters and as the first family in the land has the same claim to considera-tion which is granted to even the lowest, it will never, oh never! tell what it knows. The Pester Lloyd will probably break loose within a week, and then there may be some other variation on the theme.

WORLDLINGS.

A Boston statistican makes public the interest. ing information that more than 25,000,000 mes are made in the Hub every year. Gray hair for women is said to have become such a rage in Paris that locks which until lately

vould have been dyed brown are now bleached Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is a great smoker, but he prefers a pipe to a cigar, and the pipe he likes best of all is a corncob, such as are

made in thousands in Missouri. Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," is about thirty years old. She was born and educated in a country town near Pittsburg, Pa. She was married to Mr. Lorn Deland, of Boston, in 1880.

The handsomest man in the diplomatic corps at Washington is Count Arco Valley, the German Minister. He is 0 feet 3 inches tall, rather slender and straight as an arrow. He is said to be by all odds the finest looking man seen on the avenues of the Capital.

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Little Frankie-When I grow up I'm going to cear mine that way, too. His Mother—Your what, dear? Frankie—My mustache. Capt. Render's don's interfere with his eating a bit.

Advised to Change. Justice-Policeman Tuff, why did you club

this man so severely ? Officer Tuff-That thing there gave me sass officer fund—That thing there gave me said resisted arrest, Your Honor, so I just did him up.

Justice—You have exceeded your authority so often that I think you had better resign from the force and get a position as a clerk in a greerery, where your propensity for "doing up things" will be appreciated.

A Clever Salesman. [From the Jewelers' Weekly.]

"Yes, madam, it is rather costly. You see it was made for the Duchess of Tweedledum by special order, and it was so small she could never get it around her wrist. We have had it three years and have never found any one but you who could wear it."
"Did you say it is \$2,000 ? Well, I guess I will take it." Had an Eye to Business.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
Teacher (at Mission Sunday-school)—Before any of the other boys come, Jacob, I must take the opportunity of saying to you privately that

you are not careful enough of your privately sus-you are not careful enough of your personal ap-pearance. Excuse me for saying it, Jacob, but you ought at least to wash your face and hands. Jacob—I would like to do it, mum, to oblige you, but I couldn't do it and keep my job. Teacher—What is your occupation, Jacob? Jacob—I sell Turkish candy on the street. Out of Sorts

s a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendent or it may be caused by change of climate, season or life The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right, appetite is capricious, the nerves seem over worked, the mind is confused and irritable. This con dition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarse parilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers soon restores harmony to the system and gives the strength of mind, nerves and body which makes

YARN.

UNPARALLELED

INTENSE

AND

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS AND EXCITING "THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR," **PROFUSELY**

BY JULES

A SPECIALLY AUTHORIZED PUBLICATION.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.) PARIS. Feb. 8, 1889.—I have just obtained written authority from Jules Verne and his publisher for the publication of "The Conquest of the Air" in THE EVENING WORLD. This extraordinary story should rank as Verne's masterpiece. PARIS CORRESPONDENT EVENING WÖRLD.

Author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Round the World in Eighty Days," &c., &c., begins in

EVENING WORLD, MONDAY, FEB.

THRILLING INTEREST.